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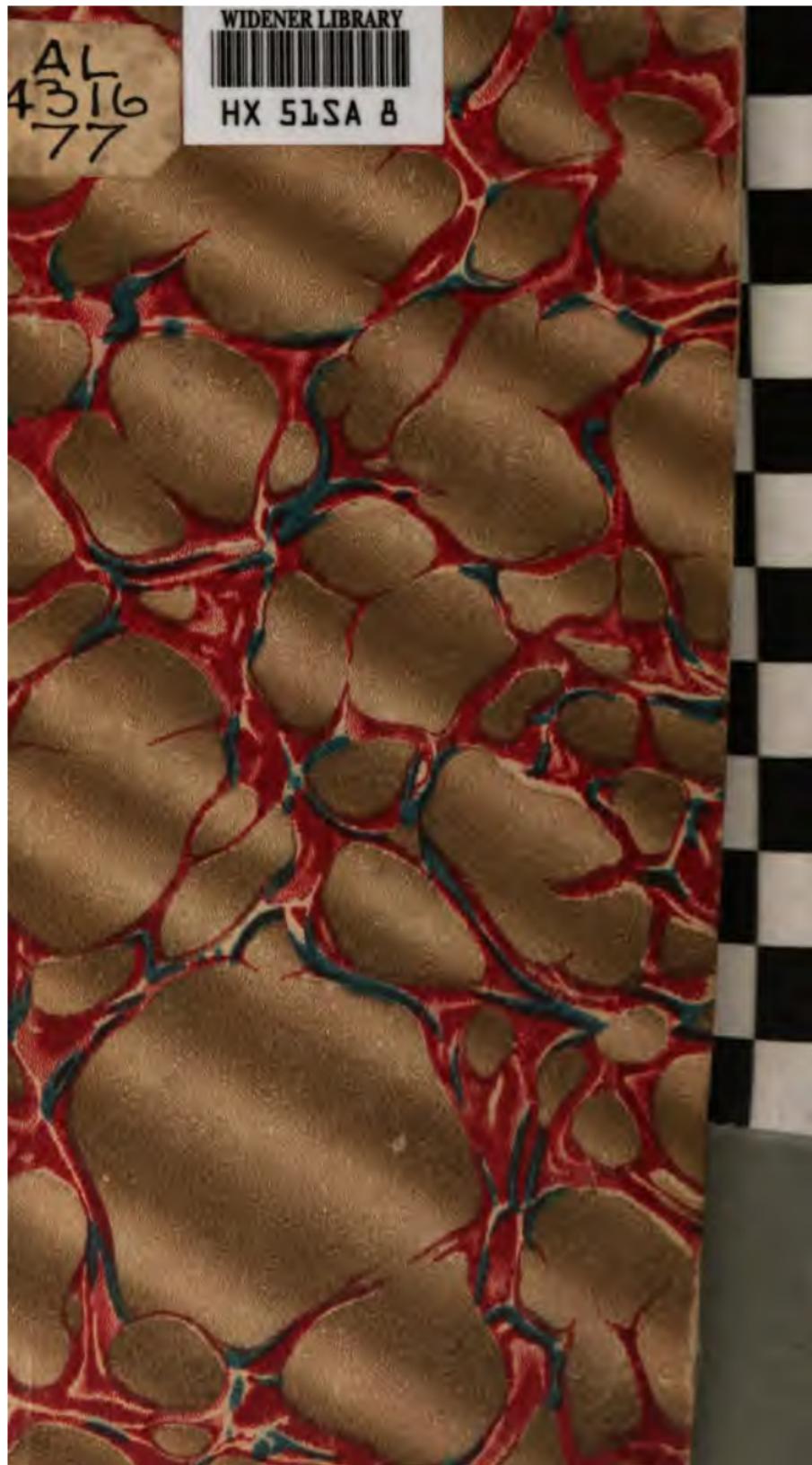
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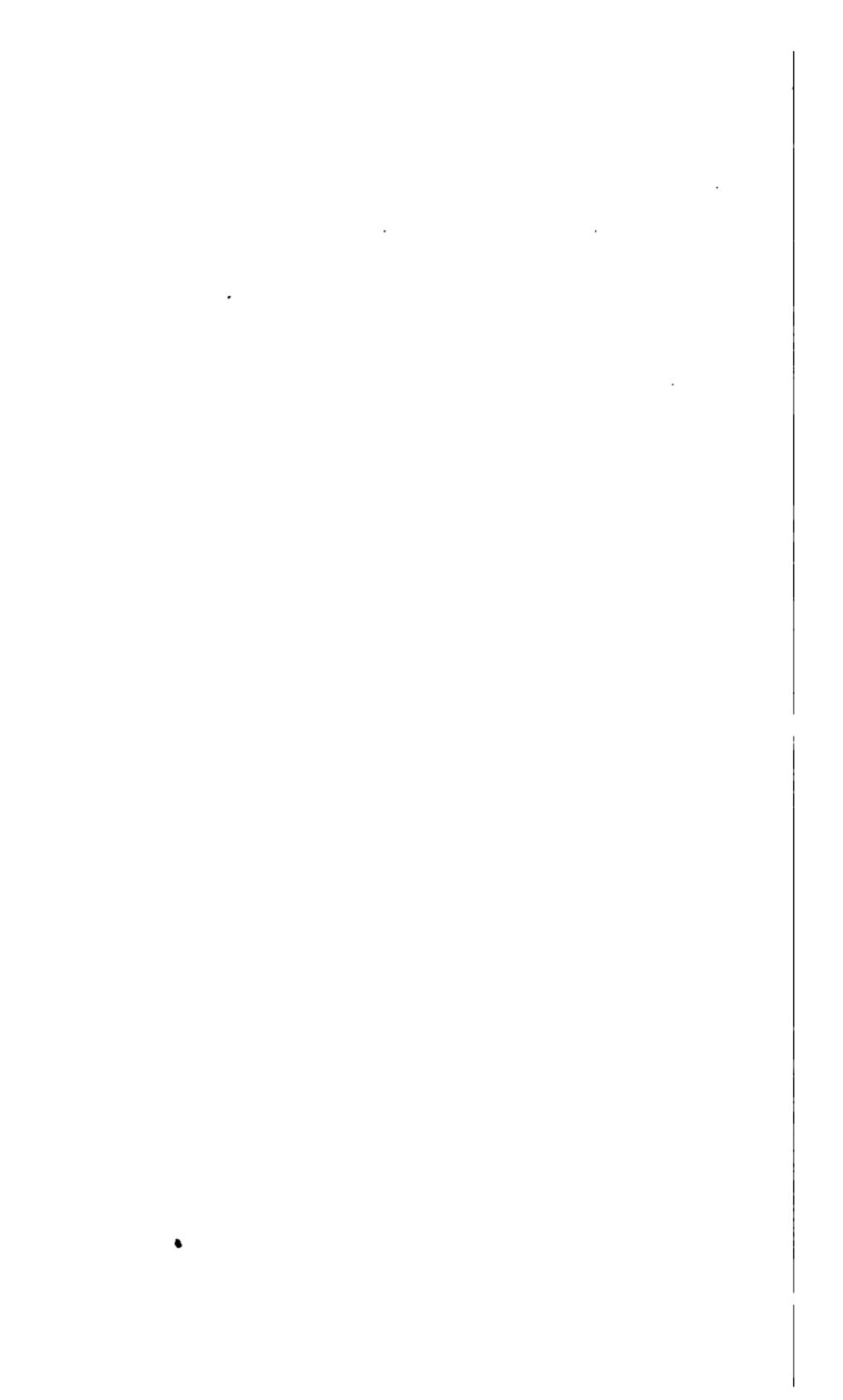
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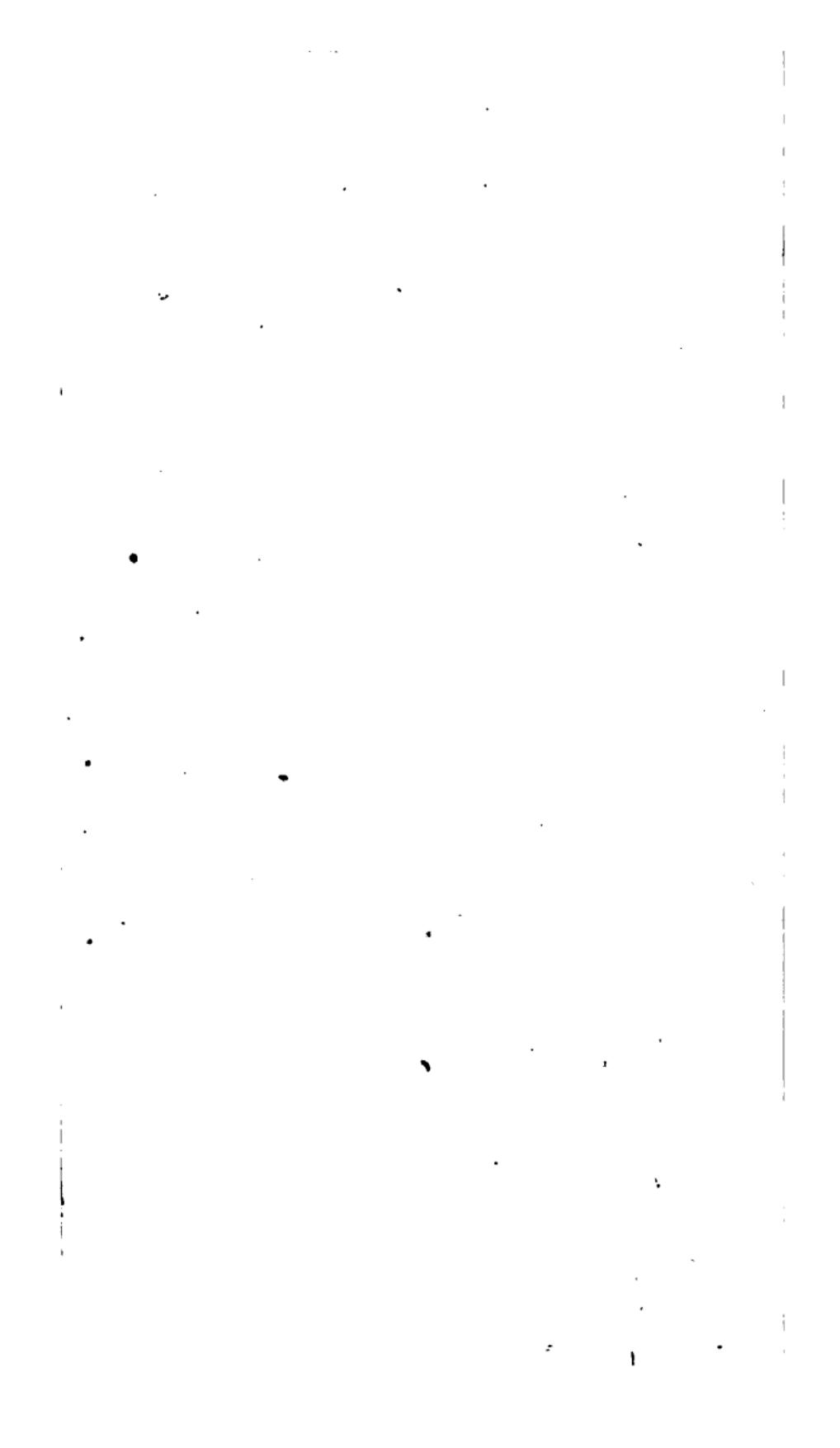
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THE  
GRAVES OF THE INDIANS,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

*Subseciva quedam tempora, que ego perire non patiar.*  
CIC.

BOSTON:  
HILLIARD, GRAY, LITTLE, AND WILKINS.

1827.







THE  
**GRAVES OF THE INDIANS,**  
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BOSTON:  
MILLIARD, GRAY, LITTLE, AND WILKINS.

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1827.

AL 4316. 77



**DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit:**

*District Clerk's Office.*

**BE IT REMEMBERED,** That on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1827, in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Hilliard, Gray, & Company, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right where they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Graves of the Indians, and Other Poems. Subseciva quædam tempora, quæ ego, perire non patiar. *Cic.*"

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.

**JNO. W. DAVIS,**  
*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

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CAMBRIDGE.

Printed by Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co.

THE

## GRAVES OF THE INDIANS.

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WHILST others love the range of higher themes,  
Wing their wild way through fairy realms of dreams,  
In songs and sonnets cast the melting verse,  
For sickly boys and damsels to rehearse ;  
Mete dulness out, by tale of feet and rhyme,  
Or, aim through blank verse at the true sublime ;  
Or, in a volume, prostitute the blaze  
Of man's best passion, to the world's rude gaze,  
For mercenary ends and sordid gains,  
And drive a traffic of their lovesick brains,—  
Let us, returning on our country's track,  
Clear up the untrodden way and travel back,  
O'er moss of ages and oblivion's mould,  
To scenes where mighty nations lived, of old ;

Who, wandering round, in willing pilgrimage,  
Enjoyed the wealth of nature's heritage,  
Blessed in the empire of their sylvan spoil,  
And proud to be the children of the soil.  
This continent was all their boundless home ;  
The turf, their floor ; their roof, the world's blue  
dome ;  
Their garments, the light winds that breathed  
around ;  
Their food, the simplest offerings of the ground,  
Or, products of the chase ; their drink, the wave ;  
Their shelter in a storm, the hut, or, cave.

Come, travellers, then, and bid a short farewell  
To those loved seats where friends and kindred dwell,  
And wander, silent as time's ruinous waves,  
O'er ancient greatness and the Indians' graves.  
For, 'tis no ordinary bliss we feel,  
When on some consecrated spot we kneel,  
The theme of many a solemn reverie,  
And fancy's false, but, vivid imagery,  
Where dreamy musings long have held the shrine,  
By veneration reared to thoughts divine.

Lo !—where Nonantum peers in stately pride,<sup>1</sup>  
And smiles on sportive Charles's silver tide,  
While splendid villas shine on every hand,  
And fields of gardens deck the flowery land—<sup>2</sup>  
A lovely lap, a low and lone retreat,  
Round which the hills, in social concourse, meet,

Where to the natives that apostle came,  
 Whose cloven tongue was lit with heavenly flame,  
 Who, from the choir of morning stars, to them  
 First pointed out the star of Bethlehem.  
 To him the everlasting keys were given,  
 Which opened the dread gates of Hell and Heaven ;  
 When, straight, the paths their ancestors had trod,  
 That led to Kichtan and the Southwest God,<sup>3</sup>  
 Were closed upon them ; thenceforth, doomed to go  
 With white men, on, to endless bliss or wo.

Behold !—where Natick spreads its fertile vales,  
 Which tell of other days so many tales,  
 In the old fields, and pastures threadbare worn,  
 And meadows twice a year, for ages, shorn—  
 The sturdy oak, which, on the common stands,  
 And the great elms, set out by Indian hands.

The oak is one of those whose lives embrace  
 The lapse of ages—an immortal race :—  
 And when kind Eliot drove his tawny flock,  
 From the cool shadow of their native rock,  
 From all the bliss that gave existence worth,  
 From all their hopes of heaven, their joys of earth,  
 Back—to the only home of savage man,  
 The tomb—to fields, now graveyards, of their clan ;  
 This oak, then, tall, and, with a grapevine twined,  
 Escaped the common ruin of its kind,  
 And, whilst its first possessors held the soil,  
 Gladly refreshed them, after irksome toil.

For, when from labour, tired, athirst and worn,  
 They came to rest beneath its youthful form,  
 It seemed to wave its boughs, elate with joy,  
 And fan the labourers, freed from hard employ.

The excavated line may yet be seen,  
 Bounding a circle on the village green,  
 Where, over palisades, the fortress frowned,<sup>4</sup>  
 Doubly protected by a trench and mound.  
 There, anthems, once, on pious accents rose—  
 But praise is blasphemy where no emotion glows.  
 The river, that had erst flowed smoothly by,  
 Fled as it raised a melancholy sigh;  
 The profanation made it speed its course,  
 And rocks gave way to its affrighted force.  
 Since then, it has not lingered by that spot,  
 Nor paused, nor yet, its ancient fears forgot—  
 It hurries onward, sighing as it flows,  
 Like one, who, nightly, by a graveyard goes.  
 Under that roof, around their pastor's feet,  
 How many thoughtless hundreds used to meet!—  
 For what—they knew not and they little cared,  
 Reckless of life, for death but ill prepared,  
 A part still barbarous, civilized a part,  
 The unregretful cubs of nature and of art.  
  
 Where are they now?—Look o'er the burying-  
 grounds,  
 And tell us whose those numerous, nameless mounds.

'Twas not enough, that, almost from their birth,  
They lived unpitied exiles on the earth,  
But violation tracked their sleeping dust,  
And Puritans betrayed religion's trust.  
A road was opened e'en amidst the dead ;  
The paths of death, which all alike must tread,  
Became the paths of life and plodding care,  
And sculls, and long, large bones were oft laid bare,  
And crushed by cattle in their daily toil,  
Or, left to bleach upon their parent soil.  
One stone, alone, imbedded in the wall,<sup>5</sup>  
Stands beckoning travellers, yet, with silent call,  
To turn aside from dusty toil and see  
What dreams they are, what dust they soon must be.  
Though now, no more, the Priest an audience seeks,  
The whispering slab a tale of sorrow speaks,  
And, whilst it wrings some drops for generous souls,  
Whose relics to her breast their mother nolds,  
Bids us to future scenes a glance extend,  
Beyond the line where wrongs and injuries end.  
Of all the tribe that covered Pegin's hill,<sup>6</sup>  
But one survives, his fruitful fields to till.<sup>7</sup>  
In person favoured with peculiar grace,  
In life, a libel even on his race,  
He prowls about, a monstrous human brute,  
Of pious Eliot's pains the last sad fruit.

' Oh ! that enthusiasts, whose bosoms melt  
With all the zeal the ancient martyrs felt,

Might learn that social life and arts and laws  
Alone must plead the gospel's peaceful cause.  
Religion is a plant of various kinds,  
Which, round our hearts, in various texture, twines  
One species to the wild its fragrance yields,  
Others give theirs to cultivated fields ;  
The former, planted in a garden, fades,  
The latter perish under forest shades.  
More varied than the blended hues of light  
Defining every object of our sight,  
Religion tinges, with its different rays,  
Our several minds, as many different ways :  
And till our modes of thought, our souls, are changed,  
Associations differently arranged,  
Our first religion holds a powerful sway,  
Which, though we struggle, we must e'er obey.  
Cut the young savage from his swaddling-band  
And cradle, a rough board laid on the sand,  
Remove him from his parents and his race,  
Beyond the limits of the trap and chase  
To pass his youth ; instruct him in a trade,  
Or, rear him in some academic shade,  
Still is he wild and still his thirst shall burn  
For nature's solitudes, till thither he return.  
And when the wolf your kindness learns to sooth,  
Or, wild cat, caged within the grates worn smooth ;  
When a tamed flock of turkeys, with their broods,  
Forget to fly and shun their native woods,  
When the descendants of a crazy sire  
Feel not the latent vein of lunar fire,

Then, shall the children of the earth-born man  
Forget their game, their wars, their name and clan.

Should we withhold the gospel's peaceful rays,  
The Indian's virtue would not cease to blaze;  
Ah ! no ; and he would find eternal rest,  
On some green island of the far-off west.

Oh ! if the Indian race and Indian name  
Must be extinguished, and their glorious fame  
Must live but in traditionary verse  
Pronouncing red men's wrongs and white men's  
curse,  
Or, on the grave lips of that deep-mouthed page  
That whispers truth to every coming age,  
Let them sink fiercely in their lonely graves,  
Like war-worn ships, when the mad ocean raves.

But, hark ;—I hear the plaintive turtle-dove,  
Though by his side still sits his silent love ;  
The falling pathos of that robin's wail,  
Methinks, is lavished on an olden tale ;  
Both sing, in varying strains, the cruel fate  
Dispensed on Indian tribes by English hate.  
And, when comes round the lonely hour of eve,  
And silence gives the mourner room to grieve,  
All o'er Namasket,<sup>8</sup> rings in solo shrill,  
The wailing of the hurrying whip-poor-will.  
Here the night always weeps in rain or dew,  
Or, strews the ground with snow or hoar-frost new;

The vernal frog trills all the Summer, here,  
And August crickets sing through half the year.  
The region looks as if it once had been  
The thickly peopled home of mighty men,  
For lakes, of broad expansion, meet the eye,  
And fruitful plains laugh on the summer sky—  
The summer seats of those, whose crafty chief  
Refused the chain and dared devise relief;  
Who, after woes too dreadful to recount,  
Betrayed, fell dead beneath his native mount.  
And this was Metacomet, first in fight,  
And, equal praise with Indians, first in flight,  
The mighty mover of the Indian league,  
Dreaded alike by prowess and intrigue,  
Who, had he sooner found his English foe,  
Had sooner struck and dealt a deadlier blow.

See, where once thronged the trade in human blood,<sup>9</sup>  
Mount Haup rise, lonely, o'er the briny flood.  
It is not strange *they* crossed the Atlantic waves  
To steal and sell their guilty freights of slaves,  
Whose pious fathers, lured by paltry gold,  
Their prisoners of war to slavery sold.  
'Tis a delightful hill, of prospect wide,  
And looks out on a broad expanse of tide,  
Sprinkled with many a gently sloping isle,  
Whose very shores with vegetation smile.  
The soil is fertilized by human mould,  
And, round the mount, the trees their fruits unfold  
In rich exuberance, the corn-fields wave,

And owe their greenness to the frequent grave.  
O'er Philip's rock, a poison ivy creeps,  
And, the steep ledge from all intruders, keeps ;  
Clear is his well, vacant his ample chair,  
Silent the pestle though the mortar 's there ;<sup>10</sup>  
Cold spring yet pours its copious, limpid brook,  
Whence, once, refreshment, thousands daily took ;  
The hawk sails round and guards his native hill,  
And the crow holds his old dominion, still.

In centuries gone by, a mighty nation,  
Who spent their lives in wars and emigration,  
Possessed these hills and vales and winding shores,  
And every stream which down the mountains pours.  
I wonder not they fought for scenes like these,  
With valour that almost reversed their fate's decrees ;  
Who can extend his wondering looks around,  
To where the earth and sky the prospect bound,  
The woody hills, the isles of green survey,  
And the smooth bed of Pokanoket Bay,<sup>11</sup>  
Beneath whose widely stretching, nuptial sheet,  
The ocean and the river waters meet,  
And marvel, that when tyrants bade them yield  
Or die, they chose the desperate battle-field.

Though hard their fate, who left their parent land,  
Expelled by persecution's bloody hand,  
And, with a parting look like that of these  
Bound to a doubtful world of joys or woes,  
Sobbed a farewell to their paternal graves,

And fixed their hopes beyond the western waves ;  
Who drew a dreadful, but, a glorious lot,  
And, for their God, their country's charms forgot ;  
Across a thousand leagues of ocean came,  
Martyrs to faith, and saints in future fame ;  
An unknown, trackless wilderness, before ;  
Behind, the Atlantic's darkly frowning shore ;  
November frosts, for Eden, round their heads ;  
The snows their curtains ; hemlock boughs their  
beds ;  
More pitiful, yet, more sublime was theirs,  
Who bade the Pilgrims welcome, soothed their cares,  
Insured them safety, shared with them their soil  
And the scarce products of unwilling toil ;  
And, when their guests assumed a ~~w~~eacherous part,  
Gave each, his country, a devoted heart—  
The foeman, death ; clung to that spot of earth,  
With desperate grasp, that gave his fathers birth,  
And found a brave repose, a glorious grave,  
On the same field his valour could not save.  
Yet, still, the aggressors, on oppression bent,  
Fawned for the hour and soothed their discontent ;  
But, when the chiefs and prophets learned the doom  
Prepared for them, expulsion, or the tomb,  
Each seized the tomahawk and drew the knife,  
To guard his fathers' graves, his liberty and life.

The strife was long and bloody and its close  
Found both sides cursed with almost equal woes—  
The forests and the fields were red with gore,  
Young men had fallen, old warriors were no more,

And villages were burned and farms laid waste—  
But victory the Pilgrim Lion graced.

Had Fortune favoured Metacomet's plans,  
Our soil had now been held by wandering clans ;  
Instead of bustling streets and labour's hum,  
The tangled desert had been dark and dumb ;  
Instead of merry, harvest-laden wain,  
The manly Indian girls had gathered in their grain.

The Sunday bells of a New England town,  
Which in their music, worldly musings, drown,  
And the hoarse larum at the midnight fire,  
Appalling stoutest hearts with boding dire,  
Each trembling for his own devoted pyre,  
Had never tolled a knell to worldly care,  
Or, mingled their deep tones with nightly air.  
The war-whoop would still echo from the hill  
And run along the vale so clear, so shrill,  
That one might prophesy the captive's wail  
And almost hear it dying on the gale ;  
Might see her husband's blood the faggot stain,  
Himself exulting loudest in his pain.  
Here would the shady sons of nature roam,  
Or, idly loiter round the charms of home,  
And see the earth with willing riches teem,  
And of the warrior's green Elysium dream,  
Where happier hunting-grounds allure the chace,  
And brighter honours crown the conquering race.  
But, gallant Church their ambushed legions broke,

And brought them under the colonial yoke.  
And now the red man's destiny was cast—  
Adieu to all the pleasures of the past—  
The joys of home, the brook, the hill, the trees,  
A healthy sky, the fresh Atlantic breeze.  
Defrauded of his right of elder birth,  
Robbed of his patrimonial share of earth,  
Bribed by a ring, a bracelet or a bead  
To give away his country's title-deed,  
He found, too late, how resolute was law,  
How weak was right when crippled by a flaw,  
How impotent, e'en when confessed, was right,  
Unless supported by superior might.  
Mourning the fate that bade him hence depart,  
He turned to western climes, with heavy heart,  
To seek another country, kinder stars,  
And boast his injured nation's glorious scars.

What though the thundering, iron march of arms,  
With horrid front, ne'er scatter war's alarms  
Through tribes beyond Misouri's fertile plain?  
Yet arts have there begun their long campaign,  
Have crossed the Mississippi's endless tide,  
And broken ground upon its western side.

On sultry, breathless day of brown July,  
When, at the reaper's sweep, the nodding rye  
Was cropped before the rustling, scattered train,  
Who has not seen to move along the grain,  
Before the sickle's grasp, with frequent hop,  
The swarming insect partners in the crop—

And—when adown the sloping mountain's side,  
At bawling distance, and, with measured stride,  
Advanced the oblique battalion's stooping band,  
To take its burden from the wearied land—  
Still farther fly, before the gathering hand,  
The fearful swarms, till, in some lake or stream,  
They lost the memory of life's fleeting dream?

And thus, the timid, forest-loving clans  
Will seek new seats on other, virgin lands,  
Till, urged by emigration's westward motion,  
They set, to rise no more, in the Pacific ocean.

Poor natives!—dwindled to a wretched few—  
What storms of wrath has God poured out on you,  
Since that great epoch, the eventful morn,  
On which a nation, a new world, was born.  
The plagues that followed in the comet's train<sup>12</sup>  
Before the Pilgrims crossed the rolling main,  
The Spaniard's bloodhound and his sabre's gash,  
The deadly musket and more deadly lash,  
The silver labour of the dismal mine,  
The golden tribute and the diamond fine,  
First swept your race with desolation's broom,  
And left your miscreant foes sepulchral room,  
Untenanted and silent, like the tomb.  
But yet not these, nor other things like these,  
Razed out the shadows of your native trees.  
Lords of the soil, here, still, your clans would reign,  
But for the compass and the reaching chain.  
The needle pointed and the course was laid,

The chain was stretched, the nice survey was made—  
The land was open still, but, like a toil,  
Only for persecution and for spoil.  
Contempt achieved what treachery had begun,  
Forced the red man, insulting foes to shun,  
The monarch of the wild to sneak away  
To thicker woods, and flee the inglorious day.

We will not to those seats our walk extend,<sup>13</sup>  
Where vice and wretchedness and want contend  
For empire, o'er the poor, degenerate race,  
Who dared not look oppression in the face ;  
But, crouching, suppliant, sought a safe retreat  
From the mad frowns of planters, at their feet.  
No ; rather wend we our sad journey home,  
Think of our travels and forget to roam ;  
For Indian ruins are around us, still,  
In every valley and on every hill ;  
And oft the ploughboy in the furrow rests,  
As some odd Indian stone his eye arrests ;  
And his old grandsire, sitting on the beam,  
While doze the sluggish, ruminating team,  
Tells him about the savage tribes of men  
Of ages past, who held his acres, then.

No obelisk, to vindicate their claim  
To future memory and eternal fame,  
No pillar, pleading for a race gone by,  
Shall ever wet the passing traveller's eye ;  
For them no brass or marble e'er shall stand ;—  
Their only monument shall be our land.

## FROM AN UNFINISHED MS.

[Supposed to have been spoken by an Indian bard over the grave of Massasoiet, in the presence of the thousands who assembled to honour his obsequies.]

---

Beyond the hills, on which I fix my eye,  
Beyond the splendour of that sunset sky,  
Hangs the blue arch of an eternal day,  
Stretch the green islands westward far away.  
There, to the weary, rest, at last, is given,  
There lies the bravely dying warrior's heaven.

There no pale moon her varying crescent fills,  
The sun sinks not at night, behind the hills,  
But round the zenith, high above the poles,  
The orb of day in endless circles rolls.  
Soft as the breath of summer is the air,  
And night and clouds and storms are strangers  
there ;  
With sweetly singing birds the groves are filled  
And fields are fertile, though they are not tilled.

In that bright climate, those elysian realms,  
The plains are covered with o'erarching elms,  
Round whose high branches, lovingly entwine  
The amorous tendrils of the bearing vine,  
On which, the flower and fruit together grow,  
And purple grapes amidst the green ones glow.

On trees forever green, within the reach,  
Hang the ripe plum, the apple, and the peach,  
With other products of that happy soil  
That yields its treasures and requires no toil.

Rivers, as clear and cold as mountain brooks,  
Leap through the vales by many winding nooks,  
Along whose banks the idle angler strays  
And hooks the trout, or, with his victim plays,  
Whilst, on the surface of the current, ride  
The water-fowls in all their native pride.

The godlike people of this heavenly clime  
In various pleasures pass away their time—  
Some set the trap to take the timid doe ;  
Some, through the forest, hunt the buffalo ;  
Some, to its mark, direct the arrow true,  
And others guide the feathery bark canoe.  
Each finds, still opening on his eager sight,  
Some novel object of intense delight :—  
The chase is ended and the game comes in,  
And, straight, the feast, the dance and song begin ;  
When these are ended, sleep and leisure please,  
And beauty charms the sportsman at his ease.

To these bright hills, to these celestial vales,  
Our Chief, whom fond affection yet bewails,  
Has fled; he gladly left these rugged shores,  
Where winter rages and the tempest roars,  
Where blossom flowers in Spring and then decay,  
And gloomy Night reigns equally with Day,  
And Pains, that rack our frames at every stage,  
Bring on the premature decrepitude of Age.

No snows descend around his summer bower,  
He needs no roof to guard him from the shower,  
For, even in sunshine falls the gentle dew  
And clothes the plants with verdure ever new.  
Now sits he there, while soft around him sing  
The whirring water myriads of our Spring,  
Whose notes, from low to high, from faint to clear,  
Come with a soothing sweetness o'er the ear,  
And, mingling with the cooing of the doves,  
And sounds of birds disporting with their loves,  
And little waterfalls and hum of bees,  
And breezes murmuring through the willow trees,  
Invite the heavy eyelids to soft sleep,  
The eye unhappy in its loves to weep.

Soon, soon shall we, my friends, this being close,  
In which our joys are fewer than our woes,  
And yet, in which, we find some dear delights  
Which make us hug the chains of life and light.

But, hark—the strong and chilly Autumn breeze  
Is rustling, cheerless, through the withered leaves ;  
The sound is like a rapid's wintry roar,  
Or, dashing of old ocean on the shore.

And see, far southward, how yon threatening cloud  
The glory of the sky begins to shroud—  
Sad omen of the fortunes of our race,  
Whose fate seems fixed—expulsion and disgrace.

Oh ! let us live like heroes, that the gloom  
Of the dire state of woe<sup>1</sup> be not our doom—  
That those abodes where wicked spirits range  
May not await us, at our last, great change ;  
But, that we then, safe in the far-off west,  
May wander o'er the islands of the blest,  
Where white men go not to disturb our peace  
And multiply as fast as we decrease.

You see me weep, but mine are manly tears ;  
Our country's wrongs claim every patriot's fears ;—  
I would not weep, were we but what we were,<sup>2</sup>  
Or, were you, warriors, what I hope you are.

But, Night rolls on ; now leave we here our chief,  
Beneath his honours and the fallen leaf ;  
The sweet, fresh earth his bed alike and grave ;  
His roof, the ample dome of heaven's concave ;  
His sleep, the sleep of ages, long and deep ;  
His dreams, a life in bliss, from which none wake to  
weep.

The rains and dews and snows shall spare thy  
breast,  
The winds shall howl, but, shall not break thy rest—  
Ages and centuries shall steal away  
And leave upon this spot thine honoured clay.  
Great Chief, good night :—now let us, friends, repair,  
Each to his covert from the frosty air.

## TO A COMET.

## I.

I greet thee, stranger, rising thus, of late,  
Into my field of vision, while still Night  
Is moving through the skies, in solemn state,  
Guarded by many a glittering satellite  
Arrayed in panoply of living light,  
Who, nightly, all, their high patrol renew,  
And, upward, grovelling thoughts of men, invite,  
Forever tracing, each, his circle true,  
Around our spacious globe, in paths of deepest blue.

## II.

These have been marching—to the dulcet sound  
Of those high strains that guide the rolling spheres—  
In nicest measures, their ethereal round,  
Through an eternal period of years ;  
The splendid cavalcade of these, appears  
Familiar to me as a troop of friends ;  
For, oft, at evening's purple fall, it cheers,  
It sublimates my thoughts, a glance to send  
To realms that may be mine, when care in dust shall  
end.

## III.

But thou art seldom seen by mortal eyes ;  
Thy way lies through the vasty deeps of space,  
And, ere thy car rolls o'er our nether skies,  
Ere it has run one circle of its race,  
It locks whole systems in its wide embrace.  
Strange orb ! illumined with mysterious light,  
We gaze at thee, but scarce have time to trace  
Thy train, before it vanishes from sight,  
And leaves the firmament, unoccupied, to Night.

## IV.

Thou markest changes, at each new return—  
Our system's progress, in its great career,  
Around some unknown centre, some vast sun,  
That gives to varying orbs one common year—  
The wrecks of bursted planets, that appear  
Lighting new fires in heaven's serene expanse ;  
But the conflicting shock, the doubtful cheer,  
The deluge, the tornado's wild advance,  
And nations, saved, or lost, are all beneath thy  
glance.

## V.

We 'll watch thee, doubtful stranger, out of sight,  
For thou art one of God's dread corps of spies.  
A few days more, and, from that starry height,  
Thy way shall lead thee down the southern skies,  
Where thou shalt ~~set~~, on us no more to rise,

Until we soar to higher realms, to dwell  
Amidst those worlds, where being never dies:—  
Some bard of a new race, shall tune the shell  
Thy great return to hallow ; now, a long farewell.

— — — — — *fugit irreparabile tempus.—Virg.*

1. Moments what atoms of duration !  
Minutes and hours what winged notes !  
Weeks fly as fleet as carrier-doves,  
And transient moons flit fast away,  
Most like their own pale glimmering beams,  
And seasons run in circling train,  
Chiding our weak procrastination.  
A year is like a dream that floats  
On slumber's wave of her who loves,  
That sinks and fades, at dawn of day,  
Save some strange, fitful, broken gleams  
That make her wish to dream again.
2. Ah ! life—that chain of smiles and tears,  
Alternate linked with bliss and woe,  
That Summer shade, that vernal breeze,  
That mazy road, where travellers meet,  
But always meet—how soon to sever!  
Where deeper love is cursed the more—  
Is but a row of dreaming years—  
A stream whose rapid, sullen flow  
Soon bears us to those unknown seas  
Where prospered mariners loose the sheet  
And sail before the wind for ever,  
Smiling at toil and danger o'er.

## A RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

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THE Summer quarter now had found a close ;  
Volumes, the shelf ; my pupils, sweet repose ;  
And I, some time to chase the endless ways,  
And sport away the Autumn holidays.

The Sun was travelling downward, and the Ocean  
Was sending in, a breeze, with hurried motion,  
To rescue Earth from his too warm embrace,  
Dispel her fears and fan her glowing face—  
When I began my walk. One home, behind,<sup>1</sup>  
Now lost to sight had vanished from my mind ;  
Unnumbered other homes, as yet, unknown,  
As yet not knowing me but all my own,  
Invited to their board, their hearth and hall,  
Wherever want, or, weariness might call ;  
And, bright as bliss beyond our mortal day,  
Still far beyond all these, another lay—  
The spot where rising rays of thought first beamed,  
Where reason dawned and' wondering childhood  
dreamed—

The land of white-robed streets and saintly spires  
 Where bland content toils on but never tires—  
 Where scientific agriculture reigns  
 Wide o'er the swelling hills and fertile plains,  
 And proud Connecticut devolves his tide.  
 The spreading meadows, lying at his side,  
 Like lovely mistresses, around him rest,  
 And from the fragrant, gently heaving breast,  
 Luxuriant, nurse, to please the watery sire,<sup>2</sup>  
 The joyous offspring of their vernal fire.

As fell the silent shades of night around,  
 The moon rose higher in the pale blue ground,  
 And mellowed the rude outlines of the scene,  
 Blending, upon my left, the wood's dark green  
 And hazy sky ; whilst, on the other hand,<sup>3</sup>  
 The tide and land seemed struggling for command ;  
 And then, the turnpike bridge's distant drum,<sup>4</sup>  
 The fall of toil and pleasure's mingled hum,  
 The August moon's mild, yellow, dewy beam,  
 And misty mantle flung o'er pool and stream,  
 Imparted interest to the tiresome way,  
 And swiftly sent the lonely hours away.

At length, when every sound had ceased the tale  
 Of waking life, safe cricket's plaintive wail,  
 Soothed by the poppy which from labour grows,  
 I hied me to oblivious repose,  
 And soon was roving in a wild of dreams,  
 Through which I wandered, lost, till morning's beams

ODE TO LYNN BEACH.

1.

Ages have rolled away,  
Since first thy barren breast  
Was burned by sun, or, wet with ocean spray ;  
And, from the green, wide-spreading, stormy Bay,  
Unnumbered billows, travelling to the west,  
Have been by thee repelled, and softly laid to rest.

2.

And yet, no frowning rocks  
Oppose the impetuous tide ;  
Thy placid, patient sand-beach bears and mocks  
Its fierce, though impotent and idle shocks ;  
Whilst, on thine other mild and tranquil side<sup>6</sup>  
None but the ebbing and the flowing waters glide.

3.

And thus the good man bears  
The various ills of fate ;  
'Midst billowy life's for ever rolling cares,  
Like thee, a calm, unruffled brow he wears,  
Unmoved, receives the angry waves of hate,  
And still unmoved remains, while powerless they  
abate.

I sauntered o'er Nahant to Swallow Cave  
And bathed me in the cold, Atlantic wave ;  
For, nature languished in the scorching blaze  
Of a bright August sun's meridian rays.  
Returning thence, my devious course I wound  
Along the coast, through many a sober town ;  
Slept in the shade at noon, day after day,  
Beneath some tree, beside the winding way ;  
Paused, often, at my numerous homes, along,  
Beguiled the journey's tedium with a song,  
And hurried through the populous town, apace,  
Through the still country my lone path to trace.

Give me the pure, deep fount of simple joys,  
And they that will may share luxurious toys ;  
Let but enjoyment, common springs be mine ;  
Elaborated pleasures I decline.

How happy was the patriarchal age,  
When man enjoyed an ample heritage ;  
Roamed where he pleased, by limits unconfin'd ;  
No law but love, his master his own mind ;  
Blest in the empire of his tent and pen,  
And still a child, at threescore years and ten.  
A weak, degenerate, puny race of men  
Had not slunk into female softness, then,  
Nor had the thousand luxuries of life  
Begun their scandalous, consuming strife.  
Yes ; happy age, when human wants were rare,  
Those hard taskmasters of our sweat and care,

32 RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

A competence the only end of toil,  
The noblest work the tilling of the soil ;  
When hourly rose devotion's kindling lays,  
And happy millions waked their lyres of praise.  
Bright seraphs, hymning, on their starry road,  
Smiled as they looked and longed for man's abode,  
And angels often lighted from above,  
To bear on earth kind messages of love.  
The well's pure draught, the big tree's cooling shade,  
The bed of leaves which Autumn winds had made,  
The gifts of Ceres and the firstling's fat,  
The pail of milk, the overflowing vat,  
The rural flute, the gaily dancing ring,  
The innocence which pastoral ages bring—  
All rolled along a tide of blended bliss  
Which filled each mortal's cup with happiness.

Long time I kept the northward-winding road  
That still kept opening as I onward strode,  
Through woods and fields, o'er hills and valleys lay,  
And led me on, through many a village gay,  
Though oft I deviated, for a time,  
To explore a den,<sup>7</sup> a lofty hill to climb,  
To find a flower, level a schoolboy's aim  
At partridges or some inferior game,  
The fishes from their element to take,  
To breast a stream or sail upon a lake.

Delightful toil—to wander o'er a land  
Where magistrates obey and laws command,

Whose villages resound with notes of peace ;  
Where trade and travel every year increase ;  
Where no magnificence adorns the street,  
No splendid villa's elegant retreat  
Exalts the rich above the common grade,  
And none but invalids refuse a trade—  
To listen, free from jarring springs and wheels,  
Without or care of horses' heads or heels,  
To the lone noises of a rural scene,  
The scream of saucy geese upon the green,  
The distant ploughman, talking to his team,  
More sociable in silence than they seem,  
The matin melodies of early birds,  
The gossip's closely woven web of words,  
The petulant bark of some officious cur,  
The tree-tops waking at the breeze's stir.  
And I have loved, when lated in my walk,  
By a long episode of pleasant talk,  
And fallen far short of an intended stage—  
One chapter of my willing pilgrimage—  
Some new acquaintance, hardly made, to please  
By finding at his house a home and ease,  
And, resting at the door, beneath the shade,  
By the great elm's o'erarching branches, made ;  
Till, shaded by broad earth, I left the tree,  
Invited in, to drown fatigue in tea.

Happy the traveller, who pursues the roads,  
Remote from city suburbs' cold abodes,  
Beyond the market's paralyzing reach—

Paralysis, beyond the cure of leech—  
Frost of the soul—which petrifies and kills  
Man's nobler thoughts, 'midst lust of cents and mills ;  
Which many a prowling jackal still allures  
To cater for fastidious epicures.

But even those are not the always kind  
Who breathe the purest, farthest mountain wind,  
Who not inhale the market's atmosphere,  
Save in the winter, and, but once a year ;  
Such think the traveller but a passing show,  
Stare at the pageantry and let it go :—  
"Tis on the sea-beach, on the shell-clad shore,  
Amidst the music of old ocean's roar,  
In huts of fishermen—whose patient wives  
Wear out in want and solitude their lives,  
Callous to present ills, and skilled to find  
Pleasures in joys to come, or, joys behind—  
Of fishermen, who plough a briny plain  
And *raise* the scaly monsters of the main ;  
Whose sons, perhaps, are on the perilous wave,  
Still sailing over what may be their grave,  
On board a floating hearse, their road the tide,  
As wretched convicts on their coffins ride—  
The truly hospitable we shall see  
To the lone wanderer of the land or sea.

But, private hospitality is, still,  
A boon, depending on a stranger's will ;  
And human kindness is a scanty cloak

To screen a wretch from poverty's fell stroke ;—  
 Splendid magicians, only, can unfold  
 His heart whose magnet is all-conquering gold ;  
 The pilgrim's castle is the inn, alone—  
 A home, too often, better than his own.

Time filched my road away as well as purse,  
 Leaving me these unfruitful seeds of verse,  
 And, after many days, disclosed to me  
 The distant prospect of an inland sea,\*  
 Expanding, far and wide, in silver smiles,  
 And studded with a hundred verdant isles.  
 Ah ! lovely lake, sweet Archipelago,  
 How gently do thy deep blue billows flow,  
 Whilst on thy buoyant flood, in splendid pride,  
 The riches of internal commerce ride—  
 Destined to bear, on voluntary waves,  
 Whatever foreign wealth the Atlantic braves,  
 Whatever ripens under torrid beams,  
 And fruits, with which the rough New Hampshire  
 teems.

Hail ! stern New Hampshire, land of springs and  
 rills,  
 Of lovely lakes and everlasting hills ;  
 Unwilling nurse of each luxurious seed  
 That does not meet a manly nation's need ;  
 Parent of iron hearts and noble souls,

\* Lake Winnipiseogee.

## 36 RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Untamed as waves the tumbling torrent rolls ;  
Who, though as free as their own mountain winds,  
Still serve like slaves their own ambitious minds.

"Tis from thy thousand plain and simple homes  
The *raw material* of great fortunes comes,  
And men brought up with milk-pails on their arms,  
Ploughboys, while barefoot on their fathers' farms,  
Enchant our churches with the moral strains  
That tuned their souls when on their native plains ;  
Or, as if nurtured at Gamaliel's feet,  
Dissolve the doubts that throng the judgment seat,  
Or, rule the war of popular debate,  
And, for the plough-helm, guide the helm of state.

But now, when Corraway's high peak was passed,  
And ghastly White-face disappeared, at last,  
And grisly Black-snout ceased to haunt my sight,  
And far behind me frowned Kearsarge's height,  
Rose other peaks, to me, sublime as new,  
And the White Mountains burst upon my view.  
First, in the dim horizon low they lay,  
A broken range, extending far away  
To the northwest, the highest points unseen—  
For, these, their jealous southern brethren screen,  
Unless the traveller to some hill aspire,  
To gain a prospect, but, his limbs to tire—  
Then, as, in hopeful march, their cliffs I neared,  
Still loftier, their huge rocky tops they reared,  
Till, e'er my head, impending mountains peered.

So, in that distant border of the sky  
Which all around us runs and bounds the eye,  
A cloud uplifts its form of murky hue,  
And rising higher, o'erspreads the concave blue.

Here, then, I paused, with heat and thirst oppressed,  
And laid me down, beside a spring, to rest,  
Which, when refreshed by it, I thus addressed—

ODE TO A SPRING NEAR THE GAP OF THE WHITE  
MOUNTAINS.

1.

Sweet and softly flowing fountain  
Welling from the frigid rock,  
At the foot of lofty mountain  
Where the thirsty noonday flock  
Slake their thirst and court the shade—  
Ripple on, with gentle flow,  
Down beside the travelled way,  
Ever pouring, cold as snow,  
All the live-long summer day,  
Thy dear stream through wood and glade.

2.

Pilgrims, passing near thy course,  
Oft shall rest their way-worn feet,  
Hail with joy thy friendly source,  
Thy sylvan Naiad gladly greet

And stoop to taste thy limpid wave ;  
 Then, rising, bless thy copious tide  
 And learn to praise the mountain rills,  
 And thank the God who made them glide,  
 Who struck the water from the hills  
 And drink to weary travellers gave.

Around the Gap, which Heaven in kindness made—<sup>8</sup>  
 Where leaps o'er bars of rocks the Saco's wild cas-  
 cade,  
 Where, 'midst the ledges, God his finger drew,  
 To let refinement travel westward through—  
 Made—to unite remote, yet kindred lands,  
 By ties of interest and commercial bands—  
 Shoots many a mount in majesty sublime,  
 As if the trackless ether ways to climb.  
 Their ancient heads are naked to the air,  
 And, save some moss and spruces, bald and bare ;  
 Through the mid space of earth and heaven they  
 rise,  
 The wonder and the fear of mortal eyes.  
 Here they have stood, serene, from age to age,  
 Blasted by storms, and scathed by lightning's rage,  
 Slowly, but, surely, crumbling to decay ;  
 The fragments, falling one by one away,  
 And rushing downward, clad in mossy hoar,  
 Ring through the woods and wilds like cannon's  
 roar.

From shady rocks the icy fountains gush,  
And through the Gap the waters always rush—  
In Spring, descending with impetuous tide ;  
In Summer, dashing on in stately pride,  
Charming, with solemn voice, the silent trees,  
Soft and monotonous as the hum of bees,  
Oft interrupted by the hawk's wild scream,  
That loves the skies and hovers o'er the stream,  
And cuts his azure way, at giddy height,  
Sailing in circles almost out of sight ;  
In Autumn, swelling with abundant rains,  
That sweep the harvests from the deluged plains,  
Mourning the Fall arrived, the Summer o'er,  
In moans that sound along the craggy shore ;  
In Winter, seized by awful frosts and snows,  
From whose fell grasp it bursts and tumbles as it  
goes.

Thy power, O God, in these thy works appears ;  
These hills that have endured through countless  
years,  
Which on their deep foundations firmly stand,  
In silent grandeur, indicate thine hand ;  
They point to thee, whose vasty dwelling-place  
Is all the infinite expanse of space ;  
Though dumb, yet, thee, their Author, they proclaim,  
The same as he who made the stars to flame.

At length, I reached the object of my toil,  
And pressed with happy foot that welcome soil,

## 40 RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Where, robed in drapery of eternal blue,  
The earth-born Patriarchs burst upon the view.<sup>9</sup>

Unlike all other lands, this wild, strange land  
Disdains to yield to cultivation's hand,  
And scorns the meaner produce of the plain,  
The waving wealth of grass and corn and grain.  
Creation's mightiest efforts here prevail ;  
All things are formed on the sublimest scale ;  
Springs flow beneath forever-frowning skies,<sup>10</sup>  
The sources of the ocean here arise,  
And wintry snows boast this their native clime,  
For, here they live through sultry Summer's time.

How sweet to travellers, weary of the way,  
To stop at Crawford's at the close of day,<sup>11</sup>  
And rest from all the troubles of the road,  
At every tourist's home, and comfort's kind abode !  
Who that has seen the red White Mountain inn,<sup>12</sup>  
The kindness has not felt that reigns within ;  
Has not admired, at eve, or cheerful morn,  
The many echoes of the long, tin horn ;  
Or, heard the music of the faithful hounds,  
The close pursuers of the deer's fleet bounds ;  
Or, angled in the Amonoosuck's brook,  
Or, gazed at mist-clad peak, with wondering look ?

But, these are all the joys that wait on some  
Of Fashion's train, that, hither, yearly, come ;  
A Pisgah prospect of the promised land

They snatch, whilst at the tavern-door they stand ;  
Then, write their names on an inglorious page,<sup>13</sup>  
And measure back their pleasant pilgrimage.

This is a place of coming and of going,  
Of restless idleness and idle rest ;  
Where pilgrims meet at morn and part at noon,  
Each following out his own peculiar plan ;  
Where friendships grow out of that shallow soil  
Of mere convenience, like too many other ;  
Where travel's tide is ebbing, e'er, and flowing ;  
Where intimacies are poor things, at best,  
Grow in an hour and die almost as soon.  
Well ; life's a journey of a paltry span,  
And all our cares, our enterprise and toil,  
But one rough road to fit us for another.

So thought I as these changing scenes I saw—  
Beheld the crouds, but just arrived, withdraw.

Long is the march and toilsome is the way<sup>14</sup>  
That leads to regions of the upper day ;  
The downward-course with ease we swiftly go,  
The heavenward-track is painful, rough and slow.  
But he who would his industry repay,  
Will often pause and linger on his way,  
E'er yet he reaches that unearthly height,  
At which, the forms of things are lost to sight.  
Oft will he stop upon the craggy steep,  
And to some beetling rock with caution creep,

## 42 RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

And shudder while he views the gulf below,  
And sees the woods in distance fainter grow.  
One steep attained, another seems to rise,  
And still the long-sought peak before him flies,  
And sends its children to obstruct his course,<sup>15</sup>  
Yielding to nought but persevering force.

But he, who thinks not of the distance past,  
Will find the trees are disappearing fast ;  
And, first, the spruces seem of dwarfish growth,  
Their juices torpid and oppressed with sloth ;  
Then, farther on, beneath a thinner Jove,  
They dwindle to a Lilliputian grove ;  
And, higher still, in regions more sublime,  
Cranberries and sedge and moss share the cold  
clime.

And, as he penetrates the upper air,  
The vital atmosphere becomes more rare,  
His labouring lungs thirst for the azotic draught,  
His lips are parched, in vain the cup is quaffed,  
Almost his languid limbs refuse to obey  
His mind, as languid and as weak as they.  
Ambition fires him and he scales the ledge,  
Mounting o'er many a precipice's edge,  
And, by a final effort gains the top,  
By lack of work and strength compelled to stop.

Yet many reach the summit with more ease,  
The long ascent seems not to pain, but please ;

Even the softer sex do oft aspire  
To the proud eminence, and do not tire ;  
Or, if they do, they make a shift to ride,  
And find a saddle ready on their guide.<sup>16</sup>

Ye that have gained this point, strive not to tell  
What grand emotions in your memory dwell,  
Which, then through every nerve and fibre thrilled,  
And all the space of thought and wonder filled.  
A new existence had begun with you,  
Another world was opened to your view,  
And, borne from earth, in a laborious trance,  
Ye looked on it with speculative glance,  
As sainted spirits do, when freed from clay.

Vain were the attempt the picture to pourtray,  
With colours taken fresh from fluent thought ;  
In this the erudite were all untaught,  
The pen would stumble, lamentably lame,  
The mimic pencil fail and blush for shame ;  
He, who, by fleeting sounds, the tale would paint,  
Would find the vocal hues of thought too faint ;  
Vocabularies he would search in vain,  
Compelled to coin new terms to suit his strain.

*I shall not, therefore, mar the theme sublime,  
By awkward efforts at historic rhyme,  
When worthier bards, in this indulgence, ask,  
And own themselves unequal to the task,*

## 44 RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

To trace the streams that, hence, descending,  
flow,  
And nurse four mighty rivers as they go—  
To shiver in the blasts of bleak November,  
In the delightful month of mild September ;  
Flounder through snows and hail in Summer's heat—  
See clouds sail through the sky beneath one's feet—  
Mark the small, silver streaks of brooks and foun-  
tains,  
Look round upon the wavy waste of mountains—  
Find large estates within a hand's-breath spot,  
A town or county in a garden-lot—  
No sounds of animated things to hear—  
To be removed beyond the earth's round sphere—  
Intrude on God's peculiar dwelling-place,  
The bounds of old Infinity and Space—  
These—seal with wonder the descriptive line,  
And bid the pen the arduous work decline.

Oh ! Mountain, when I climb thy craggy side,  
May not or mirth or revelry betide ;  
And ever, as thine awful top I gain,  
May folly fly and laughter seek the plain ;  
I would not share with him my pain or bliss,  
Who laughs, on such a sacred spot as this.

Altar of God ! from thee may mortals raise,  
Whenever they ascend thee, hymns of praise,  
Or, else, in silent adoration, kneel,  
And muse devotions tongues but ill reveal.

Pride of Columbia! on thine ample form,  
Rest the tempestuous pillars of the storm;  
On thee, grand pier, the vaporous arches stand,  
A cloudy vault, that covers all the land;  
Whilst windy currents, long, in vain assay  
To break the structure, and to bear its wrecks away.

And thou look'st out upon the world's round  
range,  
And, with still gaze, remark'st the gradual change  
Ages and centuries wear upon the face  
Of wrinkled Nature, through time's infinite space.

The President of all the United Hills,  
Thy presence wild, volcanic tumult stills,  
And thou dost hold high converse with thy peers—  
The ocean that in orient climes appears—  
The dark Green Mountains in the far-off west—  
The four great rivers of God,<sup>17</sup> in splendid rayment  
dressed.

And, when, what time frail mortals flee the air,  
And, at their winter fire-sides, banish care,  
Grim Desolation o'er thy border broods,  
Sweeps in the winds and shakes thy snow-clad  
woods,  
In solemn dignity thou still dost peer,  
The gloomy ruler of the rolling year.

Adieu! thou landmark to the sailor's eyes,  
Thou snowy beacon, which he first descries,

46 RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

When, homeward bound, from wanderings long and dreary,  
By hardships worn, of toil and watching weary,  
He sees thee, like a white cloud, skirt the sky,  
Spreads every sail to make his vessel fly,  
Lays a new course upon the watery realm,  
The braces pulls and turns the thinking helm.  
A twilight thought of home comes o'er his mind,  
And joys lie all before him now, and cares behind.

“Adieu!” I said, with oft reverted look,  
And towards the south, my lonely journey took ;  
Yet not without a hope, beneath these climes,  
To find a home in future, happier times.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE.

STAGE 47

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE.

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To wed the lips to memory's plaintive lyre,  
The vocal breathing to the trembling wire,  
To dip in colours true the graphic pen,  
And bid the happy past appear again—  
Be this my task ; mine be the humble praise,  
To sing the joys that wait on childhood's days :

If life be but a chain of good and ill,  
Pain following pleasure, each alternate, still—  
A chain, whose links are wrought, by turns, of gold  
And other metal of a baser mould—  
"Tis wise to inspect the winding length passed o'er,  
Preserve the gold and fling away the ore.  
For, who would wish, in blank oblivion's haze,  
To lose the memory of his brightest days,  
To see the stars of former bliss grow dim,  
And hide their solace, with their light, from him—  
Those stars of former bliss, that, on the maze  
Of future being, cast some hopeful rays,

And, glimmering through the night of time gone by,  
Direct the wanderer's path and fix his eye.

Sweet was the time, the days were passing sweet,  
When yet we walked with hesitating feet,  
When, first subjected to the will's control,  
The limbs performed the mandates of the soul ;  
And, though the distance now eludes our sight,  
And scenes like these are hid in darkest night,  
Still, we are sure our joys were purest, there,  
Where life was new and least perplexed with care.  
The nearer to their crystal source we go,  
The clearer, purer do the waters flow.  
Yes ; well I know it was a rapturous hour,  
When first we felt a locomotive power,  
And, placed erect against the friendly wall,  
In cruel sport, to stagger, or, to fall,  
Lured from the place, at last, but hardly lured,  
With trembling knees and steps but ill assured,  
Leaving the goal by which we scarcely stood—  
A certain evil for a doubtful good,  
Reeled onward 'midst applauses and alarms,  
Till, safe, we landed in a mother's arms.  
Then, hugged with ardent fondness to her breast,  
Then, by the admiring troop of friends caressed,  
We learned to love the taste of flattering praise,  
A coin the weak to kindred weakness pays,  
And then, so oft, but ah ! so ill allied  
To man, first woke self-gratulating pride.  
For, till this era dawned upon the mind,

To lofty prospects of improvement, blind,  
We dared not hope, like others of our race,  
To rise with honour and to walk with grace,  
To cease our crab-like progress on the floor,  
And move upon two legs, instead of four.

The world was then just opening on our view,  
Each sense was fresh and every thing was new ;  
The journey of our lives was just begun,  
The rate was slow, and long the road to run.  
The past a point, the future seemed to rise,  
Like green and glittering hills before our eyes,  
Where flourished in profuse and wanton waste,  
Whate'er could charm the eye or please the taste.

Like sailors parting from the quiet shore,  
The breeze behind, the rolling flood before,  
We watched the dashing prow the billows break,  
And heeded not the boiling way of wake.  
Fearless adventurers in an unknown realm,  
Capricious fancy sporting at the helm,  
Health was our gallant bark, with wide-spread sails  
Which swelled with spirits light as April gales.

Sweet was the loaf that crowned the morning  
board,  
And sweet the food the foaming milk-pail poured,  
When, clustering round, the ring of kindred souls  
Discussed the merits of their various bowls,  
And, each, already covetous of fame,

Admired the initials of his own dear name  
Cut neatly on the handle of his spoon,  
Blessed New-year's day and kissed the silver boon.

Long was the day and short the oblivious night,  
Welcome, at earliest dawn, the morning's light,  
And irksome, even to the weary head,  
Was ever found the appointed hour of bed.  
The week wound slowly off its lazy skein,  
Months dragged along, a ponderous, endless train,  
Seasons were years, and years, what ages they,  
Till dreams of infancy had passed away.

Behold the house to which we used to come,  
At nine and two, and often later, some,  
To spell and read and write—we knew not what—  
And learn to-day, the task last night forgot ;  
Like fabled frog, that, journeying from a well  
Each day leaped up three feet, each night two back-  
ward fell.

How full of wonders was the bustling scene—  
The mistress most inexorable queen,  
Who sat dispensing various cruel fates,  
To the whole group of thoughtless, playful mates—  
The unfledged rogue, in unripe mischief, caught—  
The little criminal, to justice, brought—  
The class called out, with toes upon a crack—  
The sing-song tone, like cackling pullet's clack.  
Who does not recollect what joy he felt,  
When, Baker, to his father, first he spelt,

Who told him—words grudged by some envious brother—

That he would be a man before his mother.  
Nor was it least of all the pleasant things,  
The ancient schoolhouse, to remembrance, brings,  
To carry dinner of a rainy day,  
And, after dinner, o'er the benches play,  
While the stern master lingered on his way.

Meanwhile, amusements thronged the vacant hour,  
And labour had a fascinating power,  
Unless imposed as necessary toil,  
Sure, then, the charms of exercise, to spoil,  
The whip, the poplar horse, the noisy drum,  
The whirling top, that, whirling, loved to 'hum,  
The bow and arrows and the trundling hoop,  
And Hide the Handkerchief, and, Hide and Coop,  
Imparted streams of never-failing joy,  
And mirth which did not tire and could not cloy.

These were the sports, and these the sportful toys,  
That shared the leisure of us, infant boys.  
The softer sex were pleased with gentler play,  
And less infantile, less infantile they.  
No sports were theirs or boisterous or rough,  
Save Toss the Handkerchief or Blind Man's Buff,  
Nor these, except when brothers did intrude,  
And please them for an hour, by being rude.  
Sweet was the afternoon of Saturday,  
When lessons ended and gave place to play,

And, at some friend's, the girls, in social glee,  
Spent the whole afternoon, and stayed to tea.  
They used to love to cluster in a ring,  
Then, to the middle, their materials bring,  
And all their little ones, of either sex,  
And, with the fashions, their good nature vex ;  
Admire the old, or, make a new costume,  
And, all the mantua-maker's arts assume.  
They loved to dress their waxen children's hair,  
Themselves still objects of maternal care ;  
And, maiden matrons of the lifeless train,  
Plan matches for them with ambitious brain.  
But though the nursery of the waxen doll  
Amused them, while their brothers played at Ball,  
They quickly felt, what boys did not profess,  
That single bliss is paltry happiness,  
And learned so easily from nature, then,  
What Shakers learn not at threescore and ten.

And see, November's rough, but wholesome breeze,  
That strips the frost-bit foliage from the trees,  
Poised by the string and train, compels to rise,  
The papér wanderer of the cloudy skies..  
Thrice happy he, who, when his kite is done,  
Can make long roads for messengers to run,  
Whose purse allows still new supplies of twine,  
Till hands are blistered by the length of line,  
Or, the light aeronaut flown out of sight,  
Or, the hemp parted, and, destroyed the kite.

We all remember some Thanksgiving night,  
When thankful hours were taking rapid flight,  
When parents were from home, the shutters closed,  
And, at the fire, the dog and kitten dozed,  
What joy elated every foot and heart,  
As the blindfolded youth prepared to start,  
And had been told just where the table stood,  
The chairs, the chimney, and the pile of wood.  
What screams of ecstasy proclaimed the charms,  
That waited on the advancing game's alarms ;  
And then what feats of matchless art were done—  
The race across the floor so quickly run,  
The escaping from the corner of a room,  
The blinded grasping, for a girl, a broom,  
The seizing of some victim by the hand,  
And holding fast, till he was forced to stand,  
The calling of that victim by the name,  
The charge to "take the cloth and do the same."

And when this tired, how many plays were found  
With penalties, which, in their turn, came round,  
To gain one purpose only, namely, this,  
To meet a lover's lips and get a kiss ;  
Until the envious bell, at nine o'clock,  
Warned to their different homes the little flock.

Alas the scenes that never can return !  
The precious worth of which, too late, we learn,  
And which, we are not wise enough to prize,  
Till time's great flood has borne them from our eyes.

And such are those that cheered the moonlight night,  
When winter's mirth made up for winter's blight ;  
When bands of skaters cut the glassy plain,  
Swift as the breeze flew o'er the bleak domain,  
Avoiding, carefully, the gloomy shade,  
Where lurked the treacherous, latent, watery glade ;  
And, wheeling proudly o'er the fettered deep,  
Cried, "Thorn away," and slid with rapid sweep.  
Oh ! 'twas fine sport to stem the north-west wind,  
And leave a rival scholar far behind,  
To match good skaters and disdain to lag,  
And beat the fleetest in the flying *Tug*,  
While the stars twinkled coldly through the frost,  
In the moon's brighter radiance almost lost.

Nor let the kindred pastimes be forgot,  
That still endured, when fragile ice did not,  
When the long hill, the level land below,  
And the straight course were covered o'er with snow,  
And iced, if possible, if not, well trod,  
And smoothed by sleds with runners iron-shod.  
Methinks, I see the active, happy throng,  
Urged by the cold to keep their bodies warm,  
The fleet career; the look of keen delight,  
The breath suspended by the downward flight,  
The freight of laughing girls, a precious load,  
Seldom allowed to grace the slippery road,  
Conducted by some roguish timoneer,  
Who loved a frolic as he loved to steer,

Skilled, when his vessel was descending swift,  
To turn and land his cargo in a drift.

Who does not recollect the nursery tales,  
A last resort, when other folly fails,  
By which the kitchen maid assumes respect  
And influence gains instead of cold neglect.  
The night is dark, the wind is high and loud,  
The star's dim ray veiled by the driving cloud,  
The dogs are howling madly in the street,  
And gliding ghosts in the lone grave-yard meet,  
The blinds are clapping on the boarded walls,  
The doors fly open and the mirror falls ;—  
Now Superstition, o'er the lated fire,  
In some long tale, long, though it cannot tire,  
Usurps her iron throne in every heart,  
And draws the listeners closer till they fear to part.

But when the snows and frosts had left the plain,  
The Spring returned and brought a numerous train  
Of charming scenes and pleasant thoughts and  
things,  
Upon the verdure of its breezy wings.  
How were we pleased to hear the thunder's peal,  
Which broke the gloomy winter's icy seal ;<sup>1</sup>  
To note the expiring season's final groans  
And hear the melting river's piteous moans ;  
To see it burst its winding, brittle chain,  
And all the freedom of its flood regain ;  
Admire, at sunset, the mild, magic west,

Where cloudy forms of giants seemed to rest ;  
And mark the piping myriads of the lake,  
O'erjoyed their winter-quarters to forsake.  
Then, when returning birds began to sing,  
Again returned the usual sports of Spring ;  
And, when five swallows twittered in the barn,<sup>2</sup>  
And mothers laid aside their darning-yarn,  
When knitting-needles now more leisure found,  
And boys went barefoot on the dusty ground—  
Came round those first of games and best of all,  
The good, old standing games of Bat and Ball.  
But, when the deafening whistles could be wrung,  
And, to its wood, the bark no longer clung,  
Then did the bands of boys, from study free,  
Collect around a budding willow tree,  
Cut off some limbs, each with his boasted knife,  
Their whistles make, in emulating strife,  
And join, like frogs, each on a different key,  
In concert of discordant harmony.

Then as Election's happy week advanced,  
How every heart with joy in prospect danced ;  
And how amusements, for the season, new,  
Each day broke forth upon our eager view !—  
The marble, sent with nice, unerring aim,  
And Hop Scotch which we hopped upon till lame ;  
And then, that other healthful exercise,  
Which to amphibious nature man allies—  
That faculty acquired, unknown before,  
By which we dared to venture from the shore,

And, with our proper empire not content,  
Presume to rule the rolling element.  
See the proud boy whom pride has rendered brave,  
Commit his frail form to the untried wave,  
And, fondly trusting to its buoyancy,  
Lie on it with unwavering constancy.  
Pride made him brave and bravery makes him proud,  
In his own praises he is long and loud ;  
He feels more manly ; and the time, to him,  
Becomes an era, when he learned to swim.  
Oh ! it was pleasant, of a Summer's eve,  
The dusty field of growing corn to leave,  
Or, quit the meadow, thick with cocks of hay,  
When dews fell still to cool the sultry day,  
Down to the pond or river to repair,  
And its invigorating influence share.

Dear nature ! thou wast ever full of charms  
To those who loved to nestle in thine arms,  
And hang with fondness on each matchless grace  
That robed thy form and mantled thy sweet face.  
Rich Autumn opened to our youthful eyes,  
The deepest blue, the brightest blush of skies,  
The most delicious fruits, the gayest flowers.  
The sweetest loves in the cool, moonlight hours,  
The evening clouds in gorgeous colours dressed,  
And silver fogs of morning breaking in the west,  
When the first breeze had bared the sky's blue  
breast.

At last, came on the glowing time of love,  
That fell, like some fair vision from above,  
Which, when the stated period arrives,  
Imparts new zest, new interest to our lives ;  
With splendid views the growing mind inspires,  
And lights it with unquenchable desires.  
The soul now pants for what is grand and high,  
For beauty, and for woman learns to sigh,  
Is caught by glorious words and valourous deeds,  
Applauds with rapture and with pity bleeds,  
Follows through toil and war th' heroic throng  
Of prose dramatic, or, of epic song,  
And lays aside the means of childish joys,  
For nobler pastimes and far nobler toys.

Home is the Elysium of this world of sorrow,  
Where youth, to-day, sports merrily with to-morrow ;  
Where unsuspecting, inexperienced years  
Think this sad world as good as it appears,  
And paint, in brilliant, fascinating hues,  
The most remote and dimly distant views.  
Green is the faery land of life's young morn,  
Its landscape fair as fields of grain and corn,  
Or, garden-alleys, decked with flowers and roses ;  
There, pealing mirth its laughing sway imposes ;  
There, every hour wafts pleasure on its wings,  
Every strange scene some new enchantment brings ;  
There, home, with fondness, folds us on its breast,  
And kindly lulls our helpless years to rest.

Oh ! are the dreams of early life all flown ?  
Its friendships broken and we left alone ?  
Shall we no more repose in careless ease,  
In home's kind lap, where nothing failed to please ?  
Joys of our prime ! Ah ! whither are ye gone ?  
Where are the pleasures of our early dawn ?  
Flown—with the merry scenes in which they grew ;  
All, all have vanished, like the morning dew.  
The charm is broken and the spell is past—  
The bliss of transient childhood could not last ;  
Adieu the poetry of early days,  
When rays of truth had not dispelled the haze  
That wrapped our senses in delusion sweet,  
And made us happy by a pleasing cheat ;  
The chilly blight of later, frigid years  
Has locked the springs of smiles as well as tears ;  
Farewell, romantic bliss of youthful hours,  
And youthful loves, which bloom and fade like  
flowers ;  
Quite other scenes than yours henceforth are ours.  
And yet, in future times, the present day,  
Poor as it is and hastening to decay,  
Shall seem a bright spot in our mazy track,  
A make us love to trace the prospect back.

Well ; we will wake, through every coming year,  
The blessed memory of things so dear ;  
And we shall find the prospect wider spread,  
With every Summer passed and winter fled.

Thus, shall the lengthening landscape ever grow,  
And follow us, as onward still we go.  
Till smiles the picture of declining age,  
And glows our latest as our earliest stage.

## ODE TO A STEAMBOAT.

## 1.

Pride o' the tide,  
Old Neptune's bride,  
O'er the blue wave swiftly riding,  
Skimming the deep  
With hurrying sweep  
And smoothly along the waters gliding ;  
Taught by Fulton, what, like thee,  
Can plough the barren waste of sea,  
The sluggish element dividing,  
Dreaded bark,  
In caverns dark,  
Horrid fire of vapour hiding.

## 2.

Pride o' the wave !  
"Twas God who gave  
Us thee, thy watery way still keeping,  
Swift to pass  
Through liquid glass  
The spot where all the flood was sleeping,

Or, the heaving mountain surge,  
Where, through billows, strong to urge  
Thy course, with wheels, the green wave  
sweeping  
Under the lash  
Of ocean's dash,  
Thou fliest, high o'er the surges leaping.

## 3.

Pride o' the daughters  
Of the waters,  
For the breezes nothing caring ;  
Toilsome sails  
And fickle gales  
Are not for thee, thou ocean-daring ;  
But, in thy majestic race,  
Annihilating time and space,  
Like the great man, onward bearing  
All alone, through paths unknown,  
The unfurled ensign only wearing.

## 4.

Beauteous hall  
For a mazy Ball,  
All the joy and bliss enhancing,  
Pleasure's cup  
Still filling up,  
As each, in rapture, down is glancing ;  
While to love and lightsome pleasure's  
Roundelays and mirthful measures

Festive bands of youth are dancing,  
Like a dream,  
O'er sea or stream,  
Thou art, unperceived advancing.



## NOTES.

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### THE GRAVES OF THE INDIANS.

Note 1, page 4, line 21.

*Lo ! where Nonantum peers in stately pride.*

NONANTUM is the Indian name of a hill in the north part of Newton—now obsolete ; which caused me not a little trouble to find it. When I inquired for Nonantum, people answered me by a stare, or, by saying they had never heard of a hill of that name ; and I could hardly persuade one market-man, who seemed to think I was quizzing him, that I was in earnest.

Nonantum was the scene of the first missionary enterprise of Eliot.

Note 2, page 4, line 24.

*And fields of gardens deck the flowery land.*

The country all around this hill is within the magical influence of Boston market.

Note 3, page 5, line 8.

*That led to Kichtan and the Southwest God.*

Kichtan was the Indians' name of their heaven. This word seems to have signified, sometimes Heaven and sometimes God. The New England Indians supposed their Great Deity to reside somewhere in the Southwest.

Note 4, page 6, line 7.

*Where, over palisades, the fortress frowned.*

The circular fort, here alluded to, which, if my memory serves me, was also a church and townhouse, was built at the suggestion of Eliot, who had a chamber in the second story.

Note 5, page 7, line 11.

*One stone, alone, imbedded in the wall.*

On this stone is inscribed the name of Daniel Takawambait, with a short obituary notice. Daniel was a christian preacher at Natick.

Note 6, page 7, line 21.

*Of all the tribe that covered Pegin's hill.*

This hill took its name from Thomas Pegin, the chief of a clan living on it.

Note 7, page 7, line 22.

*But one survives his fruitful fields to till.*

Solomon Dexter.

Note 8, page 9, line 28.

*All o'er Namasket* —

Middleborough. The ancient Indians used to spend the winter near the coast and the summer in the country. The Wampanoags, or, Pokanok'ets, of whom Massasoiet, and after him, Metacom'et, his son, was Sagamore, commonly migrated eastward from Mount Haup, their winter rendezvous, in the month of May, and spread themselves over the whole country east of Narraganset Bay. There, they planted corn, hunted and fished, if not engaged in war, through the warm season, and, like our excursive gentry, returned in October to a more concentrated neighbourhood and a warmer locality. Namasket, or, Middleborough, was one of their favourite haunts, as it afforded them uncommon facilities for hunting and fishing; and there is a pleasant hill, overlooking Assowamset Pond, that still goes by the name of Philip's Hill.

Metacom'et, more commonly known by the name of King Philip, had a hunting-house on the north side of Fowling Pond, in Raynham;—now nearly dried up; which shows that he confined his Summer residence to no particular part of the country.

Note 9, page 10, line 17.

*See, where once thrrove the trade in human blood.*

Bristol, R. I. from which vessels used to sail on the slave trade.

Note 11, page 11, lines 4, 5.

*Clear is his well, vacant his ample chair,  
Silent the pestle, though the mortar's there—*

In the base of Philip's rock, at Mount Haup, and near his

Spring of which a well has been made, is a shelf, called, rather fancifully, Philip's Chair. In one part of this is what appears to have been a corn mortar.

Note 12, page 11, line 19.

*And the smooth bed of Pokanoket Bay.*

Sometimes written Pawkunnawket ; now, Mount Hope Bay ; that body of water east of Mount Hope. Its greatest breadth is four or five miles. On a clear, still day, there can hardly be a finer prospect than that from Mr. D'Wolf's summer-house.

Note 13, page 15, line 18..

*The plagues that followed in the comet's train.*

The Indians considered the comet, that appeared some time before the arrival of the English, as the harbinger of calamities to them.

Note 14, page 16, line 11.

*We will not to those seats our walk extend.*

An allusion to the wrecks of the Cape Indians, the Narragansets, and the Mohegans.

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#### EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED MS.

Note 1, page 20, line 10.

— *the dire state of woe* —.

The aborigines of our country believed there was a future state of punishment, which they supposed to consist rather

in being banished from the happy, than in the infliction of any positive evil.

Note 2, page 20, line 19.

— *were we but what we were.*

This refers to their religious as well as political state. The English had already attempted to make proselytes of the Indians.

#### A RAMBLE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Note 1, page 26, line 9.

— *One home behind.*

The place from which I set out.

Note 2, page 27, line 9.

*Luxuriant nurse to please &c.*

It may be known to most readers that the river Connecticut covers and thus fertilizes the adjacent meadows once or twice a year.

Note 3, page 27, line 15.

— *whilst, on the other hand.*

My road lay eastward along the coast; of course, the salt marsh was on my right.

Note 4, page 27, line 17.

*And then, the turnpike bridge's distant drum.*

Boston and Salem turnpike. I travelled the old road.

Note 5, page 28, line 9.

*Passed rapidly along that busy street.*

Lynn street, which is lined with the shops of shoemakers.

Note 6, page 30, line 11.

*Whilst on thine other mild and tranquil side.*

Lynn Beach is an isthmus connecting Nahant with the town of Lynn.

Note 7, page 32, line 22.

*To explore a den &c.*

The Devil's Den and Rattlesnake's Den in Chester, N. H.

Note 8, page 38, line 7.

*Around the Gap which Heaven in kindness made.*

The Gap, or Notch, through which falls one of the sources of the river Saco, is said to be the only travelled defile of the White Mountains.

Note 9, page 40, line 2.

*The earth-born Patriarchs burst upon the view.*

The names given to some of the highest peaks are Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams.

Note 10, page 40, line 9.

*Springs flow beneath forever frowning skies.*

It storms here very frequently, and there is scarcely a day in the whole warm season but some cloud obscures the mountains.

Note 11, page 40, line 41.

*To reach young Crawford's at the close of day.*

The Messrs. Crawfords, father and son, are next neighbours, living only a dozen miles apart. The son is here spoken of, who keeps the tavern nearest the White Mountains.

Note 12, page 40, line 17.

— *the red White Mountain inn.*

The inn is painted red, and called the White Mountain Post Office.

Note 13, page 41, line 2.

— *on an inglorious page.*

There is one book for those to write their names in who have ascended the mountain, and another for those who have not.

Note 14, page 41, line 18.

*Long is the march and toilsome is the way.*

It is considerably more than two miles distant from the Camp, at the foot of the mountain, to the summit.

Note 15, page 42, line 5.

*And sends its children to obstruct its course.*

The series of hills which the traveller passes over, which may originally have fallen from the great body of the mountain.

Note 16, page 43, line 4.

*And find a saddle ready on their guide.*

Mr. Crawford has, in some instances, carried ladies seve-

ral miles on his shoulder, who had become so much fatigued by the ascent as to find it impossible to proceed homeward on foot.

Note 17, page 45, line 16.

*The four great rivers of God &c.*

The Connecticut, the Merrimack, the Saco, and Androscoggin.

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#### REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE.

Note 1, page 55, line 22.

*Which broke the gloomy winter's icy seal.*

If a thunder-storm happened in February, they used to say it broke the heart of winter.

Note 2, page 56, line 6.

*And when five swallows twittered in the barn.*

Our parents used to tell us that we might go barefoot so soon as we could see five swallows.

THE END.



